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EXTRACT

From the Speech of Dr. Mason, of New-York, at the Anniversary Meeting of the London Missionary Society.

My respected and honored Christian Friends—

Had I consulted merely my bodily feelings, I should not have attempted the task of addressing you this day : and did make an attempt to decline what I account both an honor and a happiness. But I confess that I felt the blush mantling on my cheek when I thought of shrinking from a little bodily exertion in giving my tribute of respect and reverence to a society that is sending out my fellow sinners, fellow Christians, fellow ministers, to carry their body and their blood into the service of Jesus Christ. Fifteen years ago, this day, or near it, I had the ineffable satisfaction of witnessing the zeal, the love, the efforts of the London Missionary Society. And never shall I forget, Sir, the impression that was made upon my heart at the parting scene. Never can I forget the evident presence of the spirit and grace and supplication, with the vows, and thanksgivings, and wishes, that were poured out at the conclusion, by a reverend and honored friend now present. I had not then the expectation that I should once more be permitted to witness a scene on which the an-

gels of God, (if on any on this globe) look down with delight. Inspiration tells us that angels are ministering spirits, sent forth on a ministry for them who are to be heirs of salvation : and when the business is to send that salvation to the stray sheep who are not of this fold, if there be ever a general rendezvous of the angels, it is to witness the transactions connected with such an object.

It has been my lot, Sir, in the course of divine providence, to see things that have impressed upon my soul more than ever the necessity, importance and difficulty, of missionary labors. We think, my christian friends, we sometimes think, that our hearts *do* feel for the miserable state of the Heathen, who are without those glad tidings of great joy, that cheer our days, and tranquilize our nights.— You do feel : but you feel, I was going to say, by halves :—to have the sensation come with all its power into your bosoms, you must *see* what you now only *hear*. I have been in countries nominally Christian, where there are millions upon millions bowing to stocks and stones with the blindest devotedness ; exceedingly exact in their superstitions, but without a thought of God or eternity. The bonds wherewith Satan holds the minds of men are such, that it is almost impossible for me to resist the exclamation, as I con-

template these scenes—that in had many of the wise men of very deed the progress of the of this world—whose wisdom Gospel among people who have in this as well as every thing become the servants of idols, is else where the kingdom of God itself the greatest of all external is concerned, as mere foolishness ; who will insist upon it, demonstrations that it came down from Heaven. For if that there is no possibility of there be any thing that can making men Christians unless touch these people, open their you first civilize them. You eyes, or make even a crevice for must make them artists, agriculturists, carpenters, tailors, and the entrance of a pure, spiritual and eternal hope into their bakers—a sort of practical philosophers. You must have the breasts, it is that power which science of what they call government compels all resistance to give introduced ; they must way. Here I saw of what stuff be political economists ; then, a missionary ought to be made. forsooth, you may make them Here I saw, that zeal, excited Christians. Just as if the Son by a variety of concurring circumstances in a Christian country, that has not counted the cost, is likely to evaporate.— of God built the kingdom of his grace and glory upon political economy, Sir !—No, Sir, Here I say, that faith, and love, the great secret is his ; the grace and devotedness, as well as of God will do more than all some important intellectual qualities, of which common sense is by far the most valuable, are the human schemes in existence—tame the wild heart. And indispensable to him who hopes then, whatever belongs to that to make an impression upon which embellishes the human those that are without God, and character, follows in the train of the Gospel of Jesus Christ : without the Gospel. Here I saw, that any man who means for it stands eternally true, that ‘he who spared his own Son, to be a servant of Jesus Christ, but delivered him up for us all, in this cause, must go without shall with him also freely give condition, except it be that his us all things.’” Maker shall stand by him as long as he is engaged in his work. And if we are not satisfied that we are ready to have our blood spilt the next hour, we are not fit for the work, Sir.

There is one view of the operations of this Society which deserves very particular attention. We have had a great many finely spun theories upon human society. We have looking at their different pecu-

liarities through a very thick mist. And we all know what a fog is ; every man knows that, if he sees an object through a mist, it has a vast and imposing appearance—but when he comes up to it, it dwindles to nothing. The light and warmth issuing from the Society have driven away the mist ; and christians that were jangling about a variety of little things have found that they were not worth their pains or trouble.— They have discovered, with great surprise, that they are practically one in Jesus Christ. Out of that gospel spirit of catholic benevolence, that unites believers in the Son of God, whatever be their external forms, have proceeded, unquestionably in a very great degree, all the other forms of noble munificence in this country. Had there been no Missionary Society, there would have been no British and foreign Bible Society ; and I cannot help marking, with particular care and tender feeling, the march of the Divine Providence. Here is first the Missionary Society.— The Missionary must go and break up the fallow ground :— he must go and tell the poor Pagans that there is a Bible, and what it is worth ; then minds are excited to multiply this Bible—to follow up the blow—enter the breach—and pour in this Bible among the nations who have been apprised of its value, and of its coming. And permit me to repeat that general idea which has been communicated this day, that, with all the reverence and respect that I feel for the Bible Society—*(let its name and praises be suspended in letters of gold from the wings of angels and carried under the light of heaven from one end of the earth to the other end of the earth)*—but permit me to say, Sir, that if there be nothing but the Bible to be sent, the world is never to be converted. Yet I would say : Fill the land with Bibles ; put one in every house, in every chamber ; God in his sovereignty may call some by the efficacy of his Word alone to show the power of his arms ; yet that will not convert the nations. Why ? because it is not the Master's ordinance for converting the nations. The Master's ordinance is, "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And what amazing advantages are given to the living teacher, when he cannot put his foot upon an acre of Pagan soil without finding a Bible ! He can go and teach the heathen with that Bible in his hand.— It is *the two together* that are to convert the nations. Our Lord has told us that the lips of flesh and blood shall be the instruments of conveying peace, life, holiness and happiness.— Such then are the wonderful steps of Divine Providence.— Had the Bible Society commenced its attempts before the Missionary society, it would in all probability have been unsuccessful.

Now it is not to be expected that such a system as this should proceed without difficulties, and very great ones ; if it did, it would bear upon its forehead a mark of a no very desirable sort. You are not to suppose, that the Devil will allow his throne to be subverted without a struggle : that he is going to sit down in despair : that is not the history of that fiend.—Thanks be to our Lord, who subdued Satan. The devil is against you Sir ; “but through God,” as the psalmist says, “we shall do valiantly, for he it is that shall tread down our enemies.” If he undertake to do it, Sir, no matter how weak we are. There may be difficulties with respect to pecuniary resources. We profess to be christians, my friends. A faith that does not work is under the curse both of God and man : but the stronger the true faith is the more it will work. There is among Christian people themselves a sort of practical Atheism. They are afraid to trust the Providence of God. They do not realize the doctrine and fact of God’s special Providence. Now, that God, who has all things in his hand, only calls you to pay the same respect to him in this matter, as you would pay to an honest man. He said to Israel, when laboring under a severe chastisement, “Prove me now here-with ; if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room to receive it.”

Whoever made the experiment and found it to fail ? Who ever was the worse for honoring God with his substance ? Let the man step forward, who can, and charge God with breaking his word. “Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase ; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.” He is the God of the seasons, the God of the elements ; that God commands us to honor him with our substance. That society which teaches faith to others, must live by faith itself. We must keep our eyes fixed upon the end. God has promised that his knowledge shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. It is the church of the living God that must extend her own limits, under the immediate auspices of the Captain of Salvation. We know not the peculiar day, or the year, in which the Son of man shall appear : but we do know there is no time to be idle. You cannot fold up your arms now ; the business presses harder and harder.—Behold the Son of man cometh ! Christians who are laboring in this great work are like John the Baptist, preparing the way of the Lord, and making his paths strait. The sound of their Master’s feet is behind them.—Ultimate success is sure. Already their iron band of the Hindoo cast begins to give way ; and I thank my honored Friend for the idea about the Chinese wall beginning to totter. Go on,

& one stone of that wall shall not be left upon another. One word more. We all know what apprehensions have been entertained for the condition of Great Britain. Fears without and fears within. There is a protection to the Island of Great Britain, better than all your fleets, your armies, your statesmen, your heroes, (I speak without derogation of any of them) the holy seed is the substance thereof.

SLANDER.

From the Republican Chronicle.

Of all the evils that infest society, there is none which bears on its front such indelible marks of opposition to every thing virtuous, or is so obnoxious to all the principles of justice, benevolence and liberality, as the vice of *slander*.

The hasty ebullitions of anger may be pardoned—the follies occasioned by the flowing bowl may be partially excused—but the malicious intentions of *slander* admit of no palliation, as it is a crime generated in the womb of *envy*, propagated by the heart of *wickedness*, and brought forth by the tongue of *deceit*. It is like the midnight assassin, who stabs his victim in the dark, without the possibility of defence; and the wounds it gives are incurable and deadly.

The slanderer is like an ungrateful traveller, who arrives at a magnificent city, where the lofty spires raise their heads in

majestic elegance; he finds the people contented, peaceful and happy; they receive him into their confidence—but he, possessing a mind incapable of enjoying contentment, is envious of those who do. He sets fire to the centre of the city, and contemplates with an *infernal* pleasure on the wreck of those by whom he was never injured.

Horrid as the picture is drawn of *slander*, it falls infinitely short of the original. It is impossible to calculate on the pernicious effects, as its course is marked with the bleeding carcases of its mutilated victims, who are immolated on the altar which its votaries have raised, to offer their inhuman sacrifices. And yet this hideous monster is making its way with gigantic rapidity into the hearts of our own citizens. Even in the breast of lovely *woman*, whose mind is susceptible of the most soft and endearing impressions—whose heart is capable of the most noble feelings, blended with the most sympathetic sweetness—even in *her* breast *slander* has fixed its deadly fangs, and arrayed itself in opposition to every virtuous and refined sentiment.

Visit the lady's drawing room, or the gentleman's coffee-house; the private entertainments and public festivities; and you cannot fail to perceive *slander* sometimes arrayed in the garb of *candor*, and at other times in the habit of *justice*, defending injured merit; now assailing private character—

then sacrificing public reputation. But whatever disguise it assumes, or whatever character it represents, its movements are the same—blasting the fairest reputation and blighting the most blooming virtue.

Reputation is a gem, the value of which exceeds all calculation. In adversity it is the solace of our cares; in prosperity it is the guide of our philanthropy and benevolence; in sorrow it is the friendly hand that wipes away our tears; in joy it is the zest that brightens every pleasure and increases every delight; in this world it is the rock on which our hopes are built—the anchor on which our future prospects fasten—the helm which guides our actions to the port of *correctness*; it is the meteor which lights the dreary wanderer through the wilderness of *life*, and when the hour of *death* arrives, to summon us to the world of spirits; it is the ladder on which our hopes ascend to transfix our ideas on that celestial heaven, where no sorrows pervade—where no delusive visions disappoint! Rest of this, we are a bark without rudder or sails. Life itself is but a dreary waste, where no verdure springs up in the path to beautify the scene, to give variety to the prospect, or to impart a charm to the journey.

We behold the young man like a stately cedar in the commencement of his days; he blooms like the morning rose in all the fragrance of innocence

and virtue; his reputation is attaining the height of maturity, when the tongue of the slanderer assails him with the weapons of malice and envy: his rising hopes are prostrated in the dust: his promising prospects are nipped in the bud: the splendor of his reputation is forever sullied, and he stands an everlasting monument of the deadly blow that *slander* inflicts!

Were *slander* to appear in its native deformity, there is no fear that its progress would be rapid, but it imposes itself on the mind in the most assuming form; it creeps with slow but sure progress—and when once it attains the summit of the affections, it exercises sovereignty with despotic sway: it ruins every vestige of liberality, and is deadly to every sentiment of virtue as the baleful *Upas* to the surrounding vegetation.

Let us then warn the rising generation to guard against its baleful influence; let us exhort them to banish every particle from their bosom. So shall they escape the appalling sight of beholding the superannuated ghosts of departed characters, who were murdered by their hand on the altar consecrated to *slander*!

A LUCKY MAN.

A *Lucky man* is a phrase, which imprudent and inefficient persons frequently apply to those, who are discreet, enterprising, and successful.—When the self indulgent and idle see their neighbours rising

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above them in wealth or reputation, they often ascribe it to *good luck*. This soothes their wounded pride, and moderates their rising envy; for in reaping the fruit of *chance* or *luck* there is neither merit, nor worth.

Were they to ascribe the felicity, they contemplate, to the true cause, which is the providence of God, and superior prudence and industry; it would be a commendation of their friends, a reflection on themselves, and a wound to their self complacency. The neglect, the contempt, the inconveniences, which men endure, are doubly vexatious, when considered, as the effect of their own conduct.—

The man, who has lost an estate or a fair reputation, to lull his conscience to rest, says, “I am a very unlucky man.”—

Chance is an imaginary power, over which mortals think they have no control. The truth is, chance does not exist; chance never fixes men in the dust, never elevates them to wealth and honour. Chance, or accident, according to the loose, popular sense of the word, may give a man the highest prize in a lottery; but chance will not continue this wealth, will not enable him to use it in a reputable manner. This is the fruit of discretion and industry. David was a lucky man; but no man was ever more dependent on his own virtues. It might be called chance, which brought him to the camp, while Goliath was addressing his challenge to the army; but it was not chance,

which directed the stone to the giant's forehead; it was skill, acquired by laborious practice. It was not chance, which taught him the enchantments of music; it was industry and genius. It was not chance, which rendered him a favourite in the court of Saul; it was his commanding address, and pleasing accomplishments. It was not chance, which preserved him from the bloody hands of Saul; it was his profound discernment, his valour, and his stratagems. It was not chance, which raised him to the throne of Israel; it was his own great character, and the providence of Heaven.

Negotio is the son of a country clergyman; he was early placed an apprentice to an enterprising and intelligent merchant. *Negotio* has always been in the habit of reflecting, before he acted. When preparing a ship for sea, he examines where the vessels from the port are gone or going. He carefully considers, what commodities will probably arrive from different countries. He ascertains, what will be scantily furnished? or, if any profitable branch of traffick have been neglected, with an eagle eye he makes the discovery, and his vessels supply the deficiency. Hence it is often said, if any commodity be remarkably dear, “*Negotio's* ship will soon arrive deeply laden.” It seems *chance* to the undiscerning multitude, and they all cry out, “*Negotio is the most luc-*

ky man in the world." It was really his forethought, his enterprise, and genius. By his probity, industry, and intelligence, *Negotio* has become immensely rich. His old companions, while gazing at his ships & country seats, exclaim, what a lucky creature!

Fidelia is the most lucky woman in the world according to vulgar estimation; but according to truth she is a most meritorious character. She married judiciously, and has a happy influence over her husband. He consults her in all his affairs, listens to her opinion, and is influenced by her advice. She leads him with a silken thread, invisible to himself & the world. The fact is, she is an industrious, economical, intelligent, and pleasant companion, and has merited the confidence of her husband.

Clytemnestra is a most *unlucky* woman. Her husband, though an amiable man, is reserved toward her, seldom acquaints her with his business, and never asks her advice.—She has the mortification to be denied many of her wishes, to see her plans rejected, her advice disregarded, and herself a dead weight in the family.—She is an indiscreet, unpleasant, masculine and imperious woman. She wonders, that she cannot have the *good luck* of her neighbour *Fidelia*.

Benevolus is a clergyman, his theological opinions are puritanick and unpopular. The neighborhood, when he settled,

was agitated by the fury of polemick divinity; the people had taken sides. Two thirds of the society called and settled *Benevolus*; the rest with more than a proportionate share of wealth and influence were as hostile, as wounded pride and party violence could make them.

Benevolus is a very lucky man. He never offended his opponents; he was really concerned for them, and treated them with uniform kindness. They see the faithfulness of his ministerial duties; their opposition is extinguished; and his people are as harmonious, as any in the country.

The conclusion is, what many persons call *luck*, is only *prudence* and *faithfulness*, accompanied with the *blessing of God*.—*Panoplist*.

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From the *Boston Recorder*.

THE DEITY.

When for a season, Deity, veiled those glories that "no man can see and live," in human flesh, he displayed to the natural eye in the clearest manner, that the unwearied beneficence which before had been visible only to the eye of faith. "*He went about doing good.*" This goodness had been before proclaimed from "the mountain that burns with fire,"—from the Shekinah that hovered over the mercy seat—from the lips of the holy prophets, "who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and its effects had been felt from age to age in the vast profusion of blessings bestowed

on an ungrateful world ; but the most plain and overpowering illustration of it was reserved to the "days of Messiah," when himself in the sinless infirmities of our nature, he condescended to exemplify benevolence in all its varied forms, and in the most discouraging circumstances.—We have not only his precepts for our rule, but his example for our guide. We hear his voice and see his actions. We believe his words, and we feel his bounty ; so that even purblind reason is compelled to acknowledge, "God is good," and pay at least the homage of the lips to the beauty of his character.—To study the life of Jesus, and admire, is not enough ; to adore and animate, is at once the privilege and duty of all who know his worth. The frigid voltiary of SELF—that most worthless of our revolted race, the man who wraps up all his benevolence in a napkin and hides it in the earth, may wonder at the disinterestedness of Jesus, and applaud it too ; but the man who possesses the "Spirit of Christ," the man who loves and closely follows him, that enjoys the approbation of heaven and the exalted happiness of doing good." If he opens his lips he unties his purse strings also. If heartily engaged in works of benevolence as much in the good accomplished by his fellow laborers, as if it were all accomplished by himself. It is his ruling desire, to see good effected—to see the afflicted consoled, the wretched relieved, the vicious reclaimed, the virtuous preserved, the godly encouraged, the slumbering disciples awaked, and the perishing heathen rescued from the wrath impending over them. His eyes are fixed on the same object that brought God down to the earth—the renovation of the moral world—the salvation of sinners—the overthrow of the empire of darkness ; he employs the same means so far as they come within his reach, relying on the promise, that in due time *He* shall come, whose office it is to "reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and judgement." He finds his enjoyments increasing in proportion to the *exertion* he makes, rather in proportion to his *success*. It heightens the pleasure of *reviewing* what he has done, to perceive that God has smiled and prospered him—but it is enough to render him happy, that grace has enabled him to labor in the same vineyard where Jesus laboured, and to leave the result with the Lord, who in his own time will render his labours effectual. There is altogether too great a mixture of selfishness in those efforts that can be kept alive only by a continued flow of success, & which "utterly faint" under discouragement—nor is it a praiseworthy *humility* that refuses to prosecute a good enterprise, because we receive not at once the full reward of our labours. Jesus found but little encouragement in the immediate effect of his benevolent exertions—the very

miracles that he wrought beneficent and stupendous as they were, failed in most instances to do more than arrest for a moment the wonderings of idle curiosity, & his unwearied activity in dispensing spiritual instruction and temporal blessings gained the devotion of but few hearts. But he persevered unto death. He held not his peace. His efforts were not intermitted. "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." Let his disciples remember his, and never be disheartened. It is a divine injunction—"in the morning, sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that." None of the faithful labours of Christians shall be in vain. Their prayers *will* be answered. Their tears will be bottled up, and kept as a precious memorial of their sincerity before God. They shall sooner or later see the fruits of every effort they have made. Not a sigh that heaves their bosoms shall be lost.—Not a word of pious exhortation or entreaty shall fall to the ground. "Whatever" then, O believer "your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might," and the hour of death, the day of judgment, will bring your reward!

From the Panoplist.

FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sab-

bath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger, that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

The religious observance of the seventh day, previously to the Mosaic economy, has been questioned, but without sufficient reason. "On the seventh day," says Moses, "God rested from all his works, and God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." By sanctifying the Sabbath is here meant, *setting it apart to a sacred use.*—From the beginning six days were allowed mankind for necessary labors. But the seventh was devoted immediately to religious purposes. This order was made in Paradise, while our first parents retained their innocence. If necessary for the innocent, how much more for the guilty. If deviations from duty were feared in innocence without the aid of the Sabbath; how much more must they be feared in the present depraved state of mankind? What but entire ruin could now be expected.

That keeping a sabbath day holy was a practice of an early date, the words of the sacred historian sufficiently prove. As God claimed a peculiar property in the seventh day, no doubt

all, who feared him, devoutly acknowledged that claim. The directions concerning the manna, which were given previously to the publication of the law from Sinai, show that the observation of the seventh day was not new.

In this commandment there is something of a moral, and unalterable obligation. It requires that *one day of seven* be set apart immediately to sacred purposes. As infinite wisdom has thus proportioned things, no man on earth can withhold the time appropriated to God, without such a manifest violation of the original law, as amounts to sacrilege, and a daring contempt of the divine authority.

The commandment is also connected with something ceremonial and passing. Circumstances attended the observance of the Sabbath among the Israelites, which arose from their peculiar situation. These cannot now be supposed essential. One mutable circumstance is the particular day. The day of rest observed by the patriarchs was *the seventh day after the creation*. But in this respect an alteration took place at the commencement of the Christian era. On the *first day of the week* our Lord rose from the dead. On this day, in preference to all others, he appeared to his disciples, gave them his Spirit, and ascended into heaven. On this day Christians assembled for worship, and have from the first devoted it, as the Lord's day, to his peculiar ser-

vice. This change has been generally admitted. But it weighs nothing against the morality of the fourth commandment. The *precise day* for the Sabbath is an alterable circumstance, altogether distinct from what is essential in the command. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," is the substance of the command. It is added; "The Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Neither expression mentions the *seventh day of the week*. The observance of *any seventh day*, which God might be pleased to appoint, is what the command enjoins, and what is of perpetual obligation.

The week of seven days was a division of time in use before the flood, as plainly appears from the history of Noah. The Chaldeans and Syrians agreed in early ages, with the family of Abraham, in computing time by a period of seven days.—Some traces of this original appointment are found through the world. The number *seven* has been in great esteem, as a sacred number, among the Jews and Gentiles. Naaman was directed to plunge *seven* times in Jordan. Apuleius speaks of dipping the head *seven* times in the sea for purification, because Pythagoras mentioned this number as most proper in religion. Philo says, that the *seventh day*, which he styles the birth day of the world, was so much observed through all the nations, notwithstanding the reason for doing so was lost, that

it might well be called *the universal festival*. Josephus and Eusebeus speak in the same way. According to Clement Alexandrinus, the Greeks held the *seventh* day in veneration. In such sentiments and practices among the Jews and Gentiles, we trace evidence of the Mosaic account, that God created the world in six days and rested on the Sabbath, which gave that day and that number such a general sanctity. The full current of evidence from sacred and profane history opposes the system of a late eminent and worthy, though in this instance, mistaken writer,* who thinks that the institution of the Sabbath originated with Moses, being altogether of a ceremonial nature, and that is mentioned in Genesis by anticipation only. But this could not have been the case. The command, enjoining the Sabbath, was given in Paradise, and afterwards repeated in the wilderness, and is equally binding upon men of all ages and nations with any command in the whole decalogue.

Sabbath means *rest*. The Sabbath day commemorates the resting of God, after he had created the world. On this day, therefore, let secular employment cease; and let meditation and public worship raise the mind to the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God. Let us put a difference between this and other days, so

that we may *keep it holy*, and the design of its institution be answered.

“Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work.” For secular business this season is appointed by the Lord of all. Inspiration directs us to perform all our actions at a proper time and in a proper manner.—The neglect of this rule destroys all moral beauty, and introduces a perversion, which must ever be offensive to the God of order. “But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.” Let one day of rest succeed six days’ labor. This the highest authority has ordained. The claim is well founded.—Shall creatures question the right of the Creator? Shall they say to him, whose will is the law of heaven and earth, “what doest thou?” No. Let the Lord speak, and his servants will listen, determined to yield constant and universal obedience.

On the Sabbath day “thou shalt not do any work.” Heads of families are addressed. Let them restrain all their domestics from servile employments. Distinguishing one day in seven in such a manner from all the others has a commanding influence. The child may be too young, and the stranger too perverse to enter at once into the spirit of this appointment. But a steady reign will in time bring them under government, and lead them from choice to comply with what is here required.—Free from secular care, let the

* Paley.

and indulge in useful meditation. While this day is commemorated, it can never be forgotten, that the world was made by God ; that his providence is every where felt, and has effected surprising deliverances for his people ; and that redemption from sin is eminently the work of God. Such are the views which this day opens, leading the considerate to correspondent meditation and correspondent worship.

Great advantages attend the devout observance of the Sabbath, included in the assurance, that God *blessed* the day and *allowed* it. The day of rest enjoys his peculiar blessing. It refreshes man and beast. It releases the body of oppressive labor, and the soul of secular care. A seventh part of our time is thus freed from vanity and vexation of spirit. By properly attending the works of creation, providence, and redemption, we are spiritualized, and gradually prepared for the society of the blessed above.

This commandment requires that a seventh day be kept as a day of spiritual rest. By disobedience men rob God of that, to which he has an unquestionable right ; they injure their own souls, and, in the appropriation of their time, oppose the dictate of finite to the dictate of infinite wisdom. It is sometimes said, that a seventh part of our time cannot be spared. Strange, that you can refuse him any thing, from whom you have received *all things* ;

who even spared not his own Son, but gave him up for us all, that, believing in him, we might have eternal life. Can any be in earnest in such an objection? Let a man's business be ever so multiplied, it may be accomplished in six days, if punctuality and order be observed.—At any rate, it is highly criminal to engage in business, which requires you to encroach on the day of rest. The first encroachment is always terrible. Conscience speaks plainly, and is heard. When a young man of pious education is put into a counting house to do business on the Sabbath, his compunction is great. He feels as a criminal. Perhaps the falling tear bears evidence of a tortured mind. This some have afterwards confessed. But a repetition of the act hardens the heart. One thing and another is made an excuse for the practice. By degrees the fear of God, and all sense of religion is lost. The profanation of the Sabbath is an inlet to every species of irreligion and immorality. On the contrary, nothing tends more to keep men near God, and in the way of duty, than the due observance of the Sabbath.

Heads of families are charged to force obedience to this command upon all under their authority. Let them take care, that their children and servants reverence the day of rest ; that no servile labor be imposed, and no secular business be prosecuted. Command your children

and household after you to keep the way of the Lord ; to turn away their foot from doing their pleasure on God's holy day.— Let them call the Sabbath a *delight*, the holy of the Lord, *honorable* ; let them honor him, not doing their own way, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words. Let them gladly go together to the house of prayer. What a happiness would it be to our country, were the Sabbath universally observed. Wickedness, the destruction of a people, would be restrained, and righteousness would flourish, to the exalting of the nation.

When heads of families give the example of breaking this command, the effect is most pernicious. Such an example destroys the authority of religion. It tends to root out that celestial plant from the earth. It disseminates tares in the place of wheat. If there is a God in heaven, the crime of such parents shall not go unpunished.— The blood of their families shall be required at their hands. The severity of the punishment, which awaits them, exceeds all description. O that God would pity a thoughtless race, and bring them, before it is too late, to attend to things which belong to their peace.—*Philologos.*

From the Oriental Star, published in Calcutta.

Burning of Two Women.

Last Thursday week, a *suttee*, or female sacrifice by burning, no less remarkable on ac-

count of the firmness displayed by the victims, than from some extrinsic circumstances, took place at Kalee-Ghat. The victims of superstition, in the present instance, were the two wives of Neeloo, a physician and inhabitant of Shobhabazar, the first aged twenty-three, and the second only seventeen. By a regulation of government, before any sacrifice of this nature can take place, notice must be given to the police ; and we are informed, that the officers attached to the police establishment of the twenty-four purgunahs, with a laudable humanity, employed many endeavours to turn the misguided from their fatal determination. Their persuasions, however, being utterly disregarded, it was suggested, we believe, by Ram-Mohun-Raya, that in the actual mode in which females are burnt on the funeral pile of their husbands, there had been a wide departure from the method prescribed by the books of the Hindoos, and that the correction of this irregularity, in the present instance, might not only lead to the saving the immediate victims, but also of many others on future occasions. According to the usual method, it seems, previous to the fire being lighted, the females lay themselves down beside the corpse, when such a quantity of wood and other combustible materials are immediately heaped upon them, that if, in the agony inflicted by the flames they should be desirous of re-

tracting, it is utterly beyond their power so to do. This is probably a mere invention of the brahmans to deprive their victims of all free agency ; but if we are rightly instructed, the shastra explicitly directs that fire shall first be applied to the fuel on which the corpe is laid, and while it is in a state of ignition, the wife shall go, if she pleases, and lay herself down upon it. Agreeably to this view of the law, we understand that it was determined, that the wives of Neeloo should have the full benefit of this latter mode of sacrifice. The brahmans were prevailed upon to give their consent. It is with pain, however, that we are obliged to add, that the hopes entertained from the experiment, in respect to a change of determination on the part of the victims, were altogether disappointed. The flames had no sooner began to rise, than the elder female deliberately walked into the midst of them, and quickly afterwards the younger followed her example ; but previously, with great animation, addressed herself to the bystanders in words to this effect, " You have just seen my husband's first wife perform the duty incumbent on her, and you will now see me follow her example. Henceforward I pray do not try to prevent hindoo women from burning, otherwise our curse will be upon you." We are informed that this young woman then flung herself into the flames, apparently with the same unconcern as she had been accustomed to plunge into the Hoogly river, in order to perform her morning ablutions and devotions. We have heard of several respectable and intelligent natives openly testifying their abhorrence of the cruel ritual of the satee ; and it is probable that a similar sentiment prevails in the minds of many others, though prudence may induce them to conceal it.

DISPUTATION.

In all cases where religious errors are to be confuted, temperate discussion, in the true spirit of christian charity, is the mode we ought invariably to pursue ; without giving way to any personal invective, any asperity either of language or of conduct, toward those who have the misfortune to differ from us in opinion. These things are totally unbecoming a minister of the gospel, who is expressly enjoined by his religion, " to put away all bitterness, anger, malice, and evil speaking ; even when he is reviled not to revile again ; but to be gentle unto all men, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves."

The only way to refute opposers of divine truth, and check the progress of schismatics, is for the clergy to imitate and emulate what is good in them, avoiding what is bad ; to edify their parishioners with awakening but rational and scriptural discourses ; to converse much with them, " as watchmen for their souls ; to be sober, grave,

temperate, and shew themselves in all things patterns of good works."

COMMUNICATION.

Melancholly Accident.

Drowned in this town, on Thursday evening, the 26th ult. Mr. Jesse Downs, of Bennington, aged 49, and Mr. Seth Keys, of Pownal, aged 45.—They were in a waggon with a boy who drove the horses, on their way from the East Village to their respective families, the road passes very near the Safford mill-pond, which has a very steep bank, the evening being very dark the horses got out of the road and plunged into the water where it was about 40 feet deep. they were either thrown or jumped from the waggon; some persons in company gave the alarm, their bodies were found in about half an hour, but too late to restore them to life. The boy was taken from the waggon without having sustained any injury, the horses were drowned.

DIED, in this town, Nov. 9, 1818, Mr. Ira Sears, aged 45 years. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of citizens. The Rev. D. Marsh preached an appropriate sermon on the occasion. The funeral was conducted under the direction of the Masonic Society, with peculiar propriety and solemnity.

From the Literary Gazette.
PITY.

HOW lonely in the arch of heaven,
Appears yon sinking orb of light,
As darting through the clouds of even,
It gilds the rising shades of night!
Yet brighter, fairer, shines the tear
That trickles o'er misfortune's bier!
Sweet is the murmur of the gale
That whispers thro' the summer's
grove;
Soft is the tone of friendship's tale,
And softer still the voice of love;
Yet softer far the tears that flow
To mourn—to soothe another's wo!
Richer than richest diadem
That glitters on the monarch's brow;
Purer than ocean's purest gem,
Or all that wealth or art can show—
The drop that swells in Pity's eye,
The pearl of sensibility:
Is there a spark in earthly mould,
Fraught with one ray of heavenly fire;
Does man one trait of virtue hold,
That even angels must admire?
That spark is Pity's radiant glow;
That trait, the tear for other's wo!
Let false philosophy decry
The noblest feelings of the mind;
Let wretched sophists madly try
To prove a pleasure more refin'd—
They only strive in vain to steal
The tenderness they cannot feel!
To sink in nature's last decay,
Without a friend to mourn the fall—
To mark its embers die away,
Deplor'd by none—unwept by all—
This—this is sorrow's deadliest curse,
Nor hate, nor hell, can form a worse!
Take wealth—I know its paltry worth;
Take honour—it will pass away;
Take pow'r—I scorn the bounded earth;
Take pomp: its trappings soon decay;
But spare me, grant me Pity's tear,
To sooth my wo—and mourn my bier!